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Credits

Dead Fall from Still More Scary Stories for When You're
Home Alone © 1997 by RGA Publishing Group, Inc.
Key To Strands: Front Cover-FC, Super Scary
Story-SSS, Our Haunted World-OHW, Strange But
True-SBT, Puzzles-PUZ, Classic Serial-CS, The
Unexplained-TU.

Photographs*: Bridgeman Art Library (The Wallace
Collection) SBT1(tr); Bruce Coleman Ltd (Franco Banfi)
TU2(br), (Jane Burton) TU2(tr), (Pacific Stock) TU1(bl);
Corbis UK (Bettmann) OHW1(bl), (UPI) OHW2(cr);
Eaglemoss Publications (John Suet) BC; Mary Evans
Picture Library Ltd SBT1(cr, bl), SBT2(br), CS3(tr);
Fortean Picture Library OHW2(bc), TU1(br); The
Ronald Grant Archives TU1(tc); Images Colour Library
(Charles Walker Collection) TU2(bl); Katz Pictures
(Mansell/Time Inc) SBT2(tl).

Illustrations*: Luigi Galante (Virgil Pomfret Agency)
FRONT COVER(b), CS1-4; Lee Gibbons TU1-2(bg); John
Higgins SSS1-7, SBT1-2(bg); Kev Hopgood OHW3-4;
David Millgate FRONT COVER(tl); Jerry Paris CS1(tl),
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Editorial and distribution offices
Eaglemoss Publications Ltd,
7 Cromwell Road, London SW7 2HR
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Printed by: CSM Impact, England
Colour origination by: Colourscan, Singapore

PUZZLE ANSWERS

SHOOT OUT: Trigger's. It's the only name with a double letter.
BANK JOB! If they keep their left hand on the wall or all times, then
they will eventually come to the vault. If they still keep their left hand to
the wall, they can eventually get out.
GRUESOME GROUP: (From left to right) one gangster has a bullet hole
through his brain; the next has a missing ear; the next has an extra finger; the next has odd
coloured eyes; the next a missing eyebrow; and
finally the gangster in the foreground has a
knife in his back!
STICK-UP! D. The total of the digits in each
serial number moves up in 5s from 20 to 25 to
30 to 35, so the last one must total 40.
CURRENCY CRISIS: Pound is the missing
currency (see grid).



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DEAD FALL



he red-orange glow above the tall western hills
suggested a dazzling sunset. But it was only three
o'clock in the afternoon, far too early for the sun to
be going down. The clouds of billowing black smoke
that now blackened the sky, the wail of distant
emergency sirens, and the thunder of low-flying planes now
confirmed Eddie Harcourt's worst fears. The canyon was on fire.

This had not been a good year for the residents of Laguna
Beach, the quiet, picturesque seaside community in California.
That winter had seen half the normal rainfall, resulting in classic
drought conditions. Water rationing had begun in early spring.
People were being advised not to wash their cars or water their
lawns. Some restaurants were even charging for a glass of tap
water. The long, hot summer had left the hills and canyons
surrounding Laguna Beach as dry as a desert. A stray spark from
a car's exhaust or a cigarette tossed casually away could start a
massive blaze. And since many of the homes in the fashionable
coastal town were worth half a million dollars or more, the cost
of just a single fire could easily rise into hundreds of millions.

So far the Harcourts had been lucky. The handful of fires that had broken out around south Orange County had not come anywhere near their plush hillside neighbourhood. But this time it looked like their luck was going to change for the worse. Eddie could smell smoke in the air, and he could see fine bits of ash already beginning to accumulate on their concrete swimming pool deck.

"Eddie, son, we're going to have to leave," his father shouted up the stairs. "The fire chief was just at the door. The whole canyon's being evacuated."

His heart beating madly, Eddie looked frantically around his bedroom. All of the things he'd collected over the past 14 years were right here: his diving trophies, photo albums and scrapbooks. In a few minutes they could all be gone. How could he ever replace them?

Determined to save as much as he could, Eddie piled his most precious things into his arms, then stumbled into the estate car where his father, mother, and younger sister, Karen, were already waiting. They backed out on to Cardinal Lane, already crowded with outbound traffic. As their car joined the slow-moving caravan, Eddie looked back, wondering if he'd ever see his home again.



The Harcourts spent that night in a motel inland and stayed up watching the fire's progress on TV. Eddie and his family strained their eyes hoping to determine whether their home had been burned or spared.

By noon the next day the fire had been declared extinguished, and residents were slowly being allowed to return to their homes. "Boy, we were lucky," Eddie's father exclaimed as he surveyed the blackened hillside. "If one or two stray sparks had landed on our roof, we might have come home to a pile of rubble."

Awed by the fire's power, Eddie and Karen spent the rest of that afternoon walking across the charred hillside, gazing at the incredible devastation left in the inferno's wake. Trees that just yesterday had been thick with leaves were now merely blackened skeletons. The grass and scrub that normally blanketed these hills like a rich carpet were gone, replaced by a thick layer of fine soot.

As they were just reaching the top of a hill, Karen stopped and screamed.

"Look over there!" Karen cried. "In that tree! It's a man!"

At first Eddie thought his younger sister must be seeing things. But as he slowly approached the figure in the big oak's blackened branches, he had to agree that it was, indeed, a man. He was wearing a wet suit, the kind of insulated rubber covering Eddie himself wore when scuba diving in the ocean. The suit was badly torn in several places, suggesting that the man had been in some kind of struggle. A cylindrical air tank was strapped to the man's back, and a clear plastic face mask, an air hose, and a mouthpiece hung limply to one side.

"A scuba diver!" Eddie gasped, unable to believe what he was seeing. "How did a scuba diver get into a tree a full mile from the ocean?"

"And how come he isn't burned to a crisp like everything else?" Karen asked.

Eddie was considering a number of different strange explanations when, after walking around the tree, he finally saw the dead man's face. He and Karen stopped short as they looked into the corpse's cold, unblinking eyes – eyes that were still filled with unspeakable terror.

"I wonder who he is?" Karen whispered.

"I know who he is," Eddie replied. "Come on. We'd better call the police."

Eddie and Karen spent over an hour talking to the two detectives. Eddie identified the victim as Jack Wilton, a local man in his late twenties he'd met while scuba diving off the Laguna coast. The kids had no idea what the man had been doing up on the hill, or how he'd got himself tangled in the tree. Neither could they tell the police how the man had died.

"From the rips in his wet suit, I would assume that he was attacked by a shark or



that he got slammed up against some sharp underwater rocks," Eddie surmised.

"You know of many sharks living up in these hills?" one of the detectives asked sarcastically.

Eddie didn't even bother to reply.



The strange death of Jack Wilton made the local papers, and for days people all over Laguna Beach were offering their own theories about how the poor man had come to such a strange end. Some people thought that he had been murdered and thrown into a tree. Others thought Wilton had been on his way to the coast to scuba dive when he'd been turned back by the fire, only to find himself helplessly trapped on the burning hillside. There was even a story going around that Wilton had been abducted by aliens, and that his body had been beamed into the tree after they'd finished experimenting on him.

In the end, the cause of Jack Wilton's death was simply declared undetermined, and the case was soon forgotten.

Even Eddie Harcourt stopped thinking about it after a while. The summer holiday was almost over, and he wanted to get in all the scuba diving he possibly could.

"I'll be back at four o'clock," Eddie's mother said as she dropped Eddie off in front of the Laguna Beach Scuba Club. "Remember to be careful. The current is pretty strong today."

"I'll be fine," Eddie assured his mother. "Ralph and I always stay in The Canyon. There are hardly any currents there at all."

Ralph Blanchard had been Eddie's scuba diving instructor when he first took up the sport, and the Harcourts felt perfectly safe letting their 14-year-old son go into the water, as long as Ralph was there to look out for him.

Eddie went straight to his locker and began to suit up. Ralph, already in his wet suit, stood by a counter watching a small TV.

"What's going on, Ralph?" Eddie asked, noting the troubled look on his friend's face.

"Looks like another brush fire," Ralph said, never taking his eyes off the screen.

"Whereabouts?" Eddie asked, his mind flashing back to the near-disaster of just a few weeks ago.

"El Moro Canyon," Ralph reported. El Moro was a state-run park just north of Laguna's city limits. There were only a few houses in the immediate area, but if the winds changed and the fire turned south, it could enter some of the town's most densely populated neighbourhoods – including Eddie's. "I bet we'll be able to see the smoke from here."

Indeed, as Eddie and Ralph walked out on to the dock where their small boat was moored, they could clearly see a plume of dark grey smoke rising over the hills immediately to the northeast. The cloud ascended in a narrow column, then spread out as it reached higher altitudes, forming the kind of huge, fluffy mushroom one normally associated with nuclear bomb explosions.

"Looks pretty bad," Ralph noted.

"Maybe I should go home," Eddie suggested.

"What's the point?" Ralph said. "If the fire turns south, the police won't let you

anywhere near your house anyway. If you want to play it safe, stay in the water. The fire can never get you there!"

Eddie agreed. Carrying their heavy scuba tanks, he and Ralph climbed into the small motorboat they'd rented for this dive, pulled off the mooring lines, then pushed themselves away from the dock. Then Ralph immediately fired up the engine and headed for the entrance to The Canyon, a collection of undersea rock formations that was home to thousands of colourful underwater creatures.

Ten minutes later Ralph had anchored their motorboat, and the two boys had strapped their tanks and masks into place. After giving each other the thumbs-up, they rolled off the boat and fell backwards into the cold ocean water.

Eddie had always found the undersea world to be both exciting and comforting.



Today was no exception. As he and Ralph flipped through the narrow spaces between the barnacle-crusted rocks, Eddie found himself feeling strangely at peace. He'd learned that all life had evolved from the sea, and it was still the one place where he felt completely at home.



For half an hour, Eddie and Ralph explored the underwater rock formations, admiring the various fish, plants, and crustaceans that lived there. And then, just as Eddie was swimming around the far southern end of the dive area, he felt a sudden rush of icy-cold water smash into him.

'Riptide!' his mind screamed as he thought of the powerful underwater currents infamous for sweeping swimmers, surfers and divers far out to sea.

Swimming frantically, Eddie tried to fight his way out of the deadly current. But the tide proved far too strong, and soon the sea-floor dropped out of sight as he was carried off into deep water.

Remembering that the best way to escape a riptide was to swim at right angles to its current, Eddie turned and began swimming parallel to the shoreline.

After about a minute, he could feel the tide's pull begin to weaken. Readjusting himself to his surroundings, he swam quickly to the surface and looked around.

The riptide had apparently been far more powerful than he first imagined, for he was now at least half a mile from the beach. The red and white buoy that marked the entrance to The Canyon was an almost equal distance to the south.

'Ralph's probably wondering what on Earth happened to me,' Eddie thought. 'I'd better get back before he panics.'

Just then Eddie's attention was diverted by a loud engine roar. At first he feared that a motorboat was bearing down on him, unaware that he was floating in its path. But a glance around revealed nothing anywhere in the immediate area.

Then he looked up and saw what looked like a monstrous flying whale skimming along the nearby water. Huge sprays of vapour erupted beneath its belly, then the ungainly aircraft strained for altitude and turned towards land.

'Wow,' Eddie thought. 'That's probably one of those tanker planes that scoop water out of oceans to dump on major fires. They probably called it in to battle the brush fire in El Moro Canyon.'

Eddie quickly adjusted his face mask, gripped his mouthpiece with his teeth, and prepared to swim back to The Canyon.



Just as he was about to make his dive, he heard the buzz of another huge tanker plane approaching. Turning around, he was stunned to see the huge oval shape coming directly towards him! As he watched in terrified fascination, he saw the 'scoop' on the aircraft's belly slowly descend, then slam into the water like the blade of a giant flying bulldozer.

"Nooooo!" Eddie screamed, the mouthpiece falling from his teeth. Kicking madly, he fought desperately to get out of its oncoming path. But it was too late. The next thing he knew, he was spinning head over heels like a piece of clothing in some monstrous washing machine. Wham! His head slammed into something hard and he blacked out. Coming around, he realised he had struck the metal interior of the plane's scoop. He was now inside the belly of the craft, being carried along with thousands of gallons of sea-water.

Bobbing to the surface, he pounded frantically on the steel ceiling.

"Help!" he cried at the top of his lungs. "There's a human being in here!"

But Eddie's voice was lost beneath the loud roar of its enormous propeller-driven engines. The water sloshed around him as the plane turned sharply, and Eddie was quickly swept to the other side of the tank.

Suddenly, Eddie's mind flashed on the image of Jack Wilton, his body mangled in the branches of the charred oak tree, and he now understood how the man had died. Wilton, too, must have been scuba diving off Laguna when the last fire broke out. Like Eddie, he must have drifted away from the coast and been accidentally scooped out of the ocean.

Eddie now felt the same terror Wilton must have experienced when he found himself trapped inside the belly of the craft, the pilots just above him having absolutely no idea of the innocent cargo they carried. In his mind Eddie pictured Wilton's horror as the scoop was lowered a second time, and he found himself tumbling through the sky along with thousands of gallons of sea-water towards the burning ground below.

'Did the impact kill him?' Eddie wondered. 'Or did his heart instantly stop from raw fear before he even hit the ground?'



Eddie had only a few moments to consider what horror must have overwhelmed Jack Wilton during those last few seconds of life, for just then he heard the whine of hydraulic motors, and a crack of light appeared ahead of him. The scoop was lowering.

Eddie waved his arms wildly, trying to grab a handhold, but

none was to be found. Then he found himself being pulled underwater as the plane's liquid cargo rushed towards the opening. He grabbed his mouthpiece and clamped it between his teeth. Soon he was able to swim freely again, but he was swimming as no person had ever swum before – in mid-air!

Together, boy and water plunged earthwards towards a bright circle of flame. Through the rising smoke Eddie could make out the grid-like pattern of a residential neighbourhood. He saw the bright red ceramic tile roofs of the houses, and the glimmering blue of their swimming pools.

Immediately Eddie recognised the outline of the large house below him, the distinctive kidney shape of its swimming pool, its garden butted up against the rapidly burning hillside.

In that last fleeting second young Eddie couldn't help but appreciate the irony. He was going home!

THE END



OUR HAUNTED WORLD

Back to Germany for some more chilling tales of ghosts, UFOs and strange disappearances...

ICY FINGER OF FATE

In 1951, a carpenter working on a roof in Kempton, near Dusseldorf, had his life ended in the most chilling and unlikely way. A massive icicle, two metres long and 16cm round, fell from the cloudless, blue sky without any warning. The extremely unlucky roofer was impaled by it against the roof. The odds against someone losing their life in this way are too huge to calculate.



PIPED AWAY

The poem *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* is based on a true story. In June 1284, a piper arrived in the rat-infested town of Hamelin. For a fee, he agreed to get rid of the rats. When he started to play, rats came from every part of town and followed him to the river, where they all drowned. However, the town officials refused to pay his fee and the piper played his pipe again. This time it was Hamelin's 130 children who followed him, as if in a trance, into a cave. Neither they nor the piper were seen again! To this day, music is forbidden in the old quarter of Hamelin on June 26.



THE ORIENT EXPRESS GHOST

In 1923, an Amsterdam jewel thief was travelling on the famous *Orient Express* when he was informed that his crime had been discovered. Rather than face shame and imprisonment, he shot himself when the train was just outside Wurzburg.

A few months later, a paranormal investigator called Harry Price unknowingly made the same train journey. Just outside Wurzburg station, he heard a gunshot, then felt a strong, unseen presence in his carriage. The porter told Mr Price that he was travelling in the very same carriage as the man who had killed himself. Similar reports had been made by many other passengers in that spooky carriage.

MINI-UFOs OF WARTIME GERMANY

In 1943, the American B-17 bombers (below) of the 348th Bomb Group were just starting a bombing attack on Schweinfurt when they ran into countless tiny, silvery discs! Flying in formation, the discs were heading straight for the B-17s! Major E Holmes described them as being 2.5cm thick and about 10cm across. He also reported that one of the B-17s had been hit on the tailplane by a disc, but that no damage had resulted. Neither the military nor anyone else has ever explained these discs, so they definitely qualify for the name Unidentified Flying Objects!



PLAGUED BY MERMAIDS

In the 17th century, doctors had no understanding of how the Great Plague that was killing millions of people across Europe was spread. Athanasius Kirchner, a German priest and scientist, not only invented the magic lantern to project pictures on to a screen, but also came up with an inventive theory to account for the dreaded disease's existence. His theory – taken very seriously at the time – was that the Great Plague was caused by the decaying bodies of dead mermaids!

A CLOSE SHAVE!

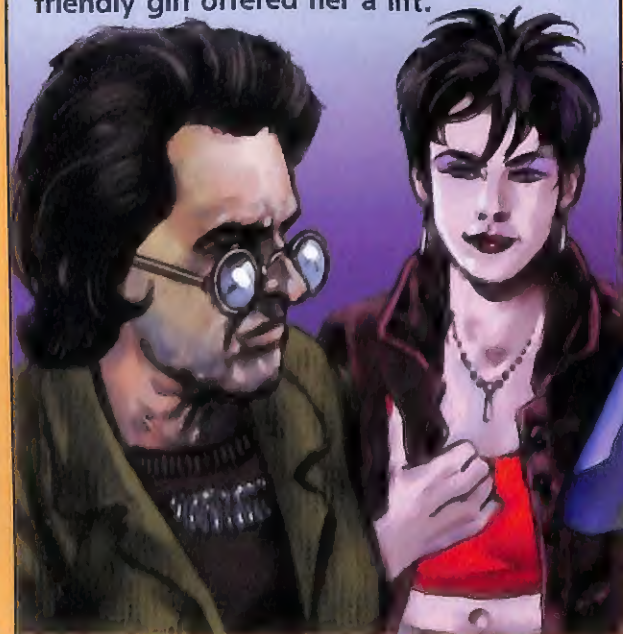
A friend of a friend heard this story in Berlin...



1 When her evening train into Berlin was cancelled, an exasperated girl decided she'd have to drive to the party after all.



2 The woman next to her launched into conversation. It turned out that they were both going to the same area, so the friendly girl offered her a lift.



3 Once in the car, the woman said how very grateful she was for the ride, as she didn't run a car herself.



4 In the confined space of the car, the girl started to feel that there was something rather odd about the woman passenger.

5 When offered a sweet, the girl noticed that the woman's huge arm was covered in thick, black hair!



6 No longer sure if the woman was really a woman at all, the girl decided that, somehow, she must get her out of the car.

7 The girl stopped the car, pretending that she'd hit something. She then asked the woman to check the bumper.



8 While the woman was out of the car, the girl slammed the passenger door shut and sped away.



9 Five minutes later, the girl realised that the woman's bag was still on the front seat!



10 She stopped the car and looked inside it – gasping at her narrow escape. There, in the bag, was an enormous, bloodstained meat cleaver!



PRINCES IN THE TOWER

Special Investigation File: 45

Subject: the mysterious death of two English princes

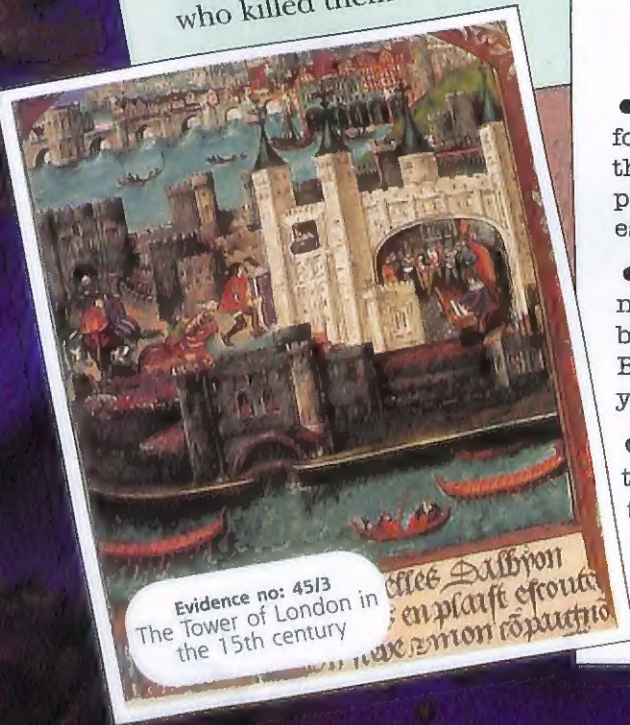
Place: the Tower of London

SpineChiller creates a file

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

On April 9, 1483, King Edward IV of England died. Two days later his elder son became king – King Edward V. But as he was only 12, his uncle Richard was made Lord Protector. This meant he had to rule on Edward's behalf, and look after him.

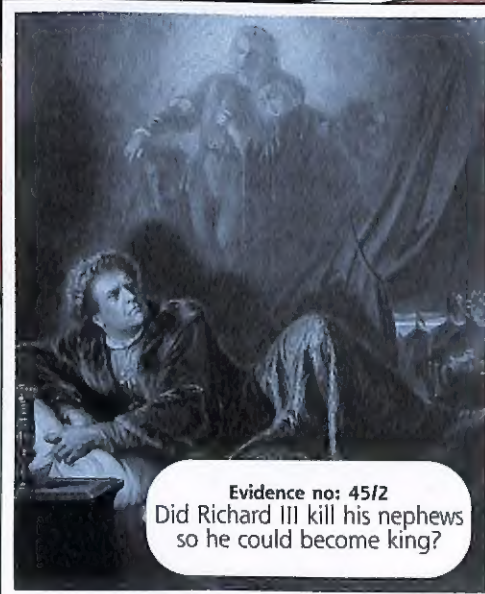
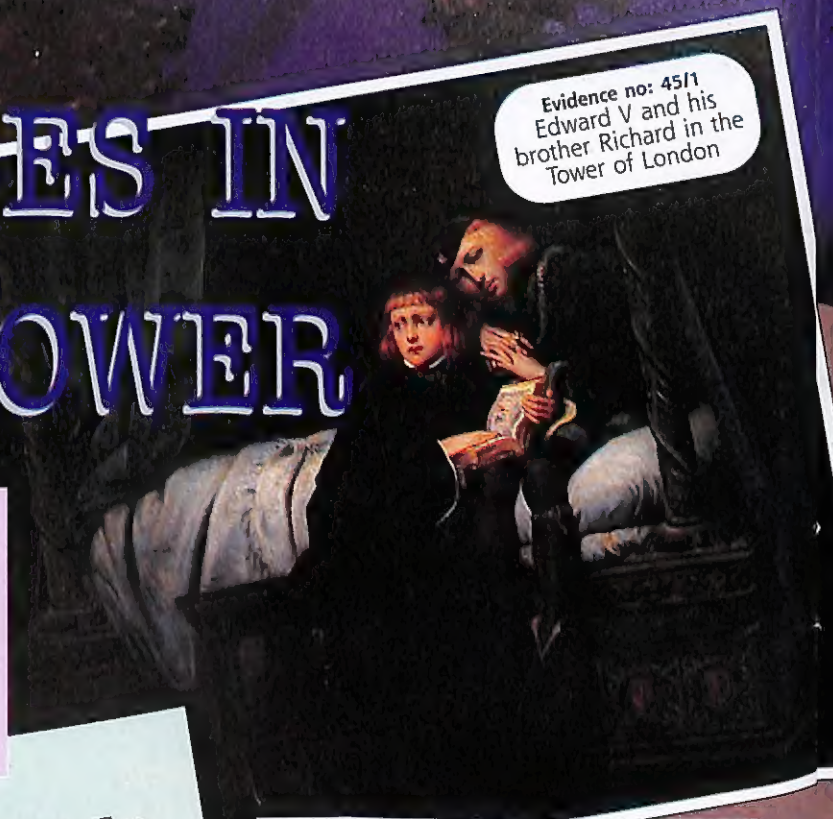
The Lord Protector brought the new king to London. But instead of carrying out his coronation, Richard took Edward to the Tower of London. Soon Edward's brother, also called Richard, was brought there to join him. Then, on July 6, the Lord Protector had himself crowned King Richard III. The 'Princes in the Tower' were never seen in public again. Historians are still trying to work out how, when and why they died – and who killed them.



Evidence no: 45/3
The Tower of London in the 15th century

elles Salbion
en plaft efout
ave mon copuqno

Evidence no: 45/1
Edward V and his brother Richard in the Tower of London



Evidence no: 45/2
Did Richard III kill his nephews so he could become king?

WHOSE BONES?

- At some time between 1603 and 1614, a small skeleton was found inside a tunnel under the Tower. At first, people thought that it might belong to one of the Princes. But investigations proved that it was an ape skeleton. The ape had probably escaped from a zoo that was once in the Tower.
- In 1647, the skeletons of two children were found in a room near the Tower's royal apartments. The room was hidden behind a wall and had been sealed so that no one could escape. But it was later revealed that the bones belonged to children younger than Edward and Richard.
- On July 17, 1674, workers were demolishing an old staircase that led to the White Tower, part of the Tower of London. There they unearthed a chest buried deep underground. Inside were the skeletons of two children of different ages. Most historians now agree these were the Princes' remains.

Evidence no: 45/4
Sir Thomas More pointed the finger at Richard



Spring 1998

A NEW SUSPECT

Richard III has long been the prime suspect for the murder of his nephews. He still is. But Henry VII also has a case to answer.

Richard strengthened his claim to the throne by declaring that the Princes' parents had not been legally married. This meant that the boys had no right to inherit the throne.

In 1485, Richard was defeated at the Battle of Bosworth by the future King Henry VII. But Henry's claim to the throne was weak, too. To improve it, he married Elizabeth of York, the Princes' oldest sister.

Henry then faced another problem. He had to declare that Elizabeth's parents had been married, otherwise she did not make his claim to the throne any stronger. But in doing so, he also restored the Princes' right to govern. As a result, Henry also had a motive for killing them. However, no one has yet found any real evidence that he did.



Evidence no: 45/5
Henry VII: crowned king after the Battle of Bosworth

Unexplained

My Dear Sir

September 1529

Thomas More, one of Henry VIII's chief ministers, has shown me a new book that he has written. It is called "The History of King Richard III" and is causing a great scandal at court, as it accuses the former king of suffocating his nephews with a feather mattress and pillows.

More used all his skills as a lawyer to compile the book, collecting eyewitness accounts and examining the arguments. He is a highly religious man, known for his honesty, so it seems unlikely that he would make up evidence. But the accusations are so terrible that I can hardly believe them.

I remain, Sir, your constant friend
William

CONCLUSION

It will probably never be possible to know whether Richard III or Henry VII killed the Princes in the Tower. Both certainly had a motive. All we can be sure of is that two boys lost their lives in tragic circumstances.

CLASSIC



SERIAL

Chapter 1

Frankenstein

Retold from a story by Mary Shelley

We found him adrift on an ice floe many leagues inside the Arctic Circle. The sled dogs that lay around him were already dead. In a few days he would join them. But before he died, he relayed to me, Captain Robert Walton, his terrible tale.

This, in his own words, is the story of Victor Frankenstein.

I had the happiest of childhoods at my family's estate just outside Geneva. Along with me, my parents and two younger brothers, Ernest and William, lived a girl called Elizabeth. My mother and

father had taken her into our family when she was a young child. Elizabeth had golden hair, bright blue eyes and a very gentle manner. I grew to care for her very much. As my two brothers grew older, my family took on a nanny, Justine, to help care for them. She was kind and understanding, and soon became like an older sister to us all.

The first deep sadness I encountered was when my mother died from scarlet fever when I was seventeen. It was shortly before I was to enrol at the university in Ingolstadt, many days' ride away in Bavaria. It was my mother's dying wish that Elizabeth and I should one day marry. But I needed to learn all that I could about science before I wed that beautiful, saintly girl.

I don't know when my interest in science started. I remember reading ancient texts from a young age. I also remember the excitement I felt when I was fifteen on seeing a violent thunderstorm erupt over the mountains near our home. After witnessing the incredible power of a lightning bolt reducing a tall tree to a stump, I was filled with wonder and read avidly about electricity. I was anxious to learn all that I could about the hidden secrets of nature – not for profit, but for the good of mankind. What glory!

I recall the long, tearful goodbye that occurred the day the carriage took me and Henry Clerval, my best friend, to Ingolstadt to study. I promised to visit as often as I could and felt great sadness as the carriage pulled away from my family and my beloved Elizabeth.

Henry did not care for science, but for the classics and tales of heroism and daring. He hoped that one day his name would be alongside those of the brave adventurers that he read about. His cheerful manner raised my spirits and as we reached Ingolstadt, I wasted no time in enrolling at the university.

Over the next two years, I devoted myself completely to science. It became my whole life. I read widely, attended lectures and sought out the company of great scientific minds, all the while learning everything I could. I met with Henry often at first, but as my studies took over, I saw him less and less. In all that time I never visited my family.

Only a person who has experienced the lure of science can understand how and why I was so focused. In other subjects of study, you can go only as far as others have gone before you. But in science, there are always new challenges to meet and amazing discoveries to be made.

Over time, I was drawn to the study of human and animal life, and to ask myself where life came from. It was the boldest of questions and I quickly became obsessed by it. Looking back now, I see that my enthusiasm was unnatural, for I underwent

the most horrific experiences in my quest for an answer. Yet I not only endured them, but did so with great enjoyment and willingness.

To examine the causes of life, one must study death. I learned all there was concerning anatomy, but this was not enough. I knew I must also observe the natural decay of the human body. Like some supernatural fiend, I spent days and nights in hospitals, beside mortuary slabs, and in vaults and tombs, observing the processes of death and decay.

My attention was firmly fixed on the most gruesome of spectacles. I saw how the fine form of man wasted away. I saw how the wonders of the eye, the brain and the heart became food for the worm. I examined every possible detail very closely. I catalogued everything that occurred in the change from life to death, and in doing so, hoped to learn how to reverse the process.

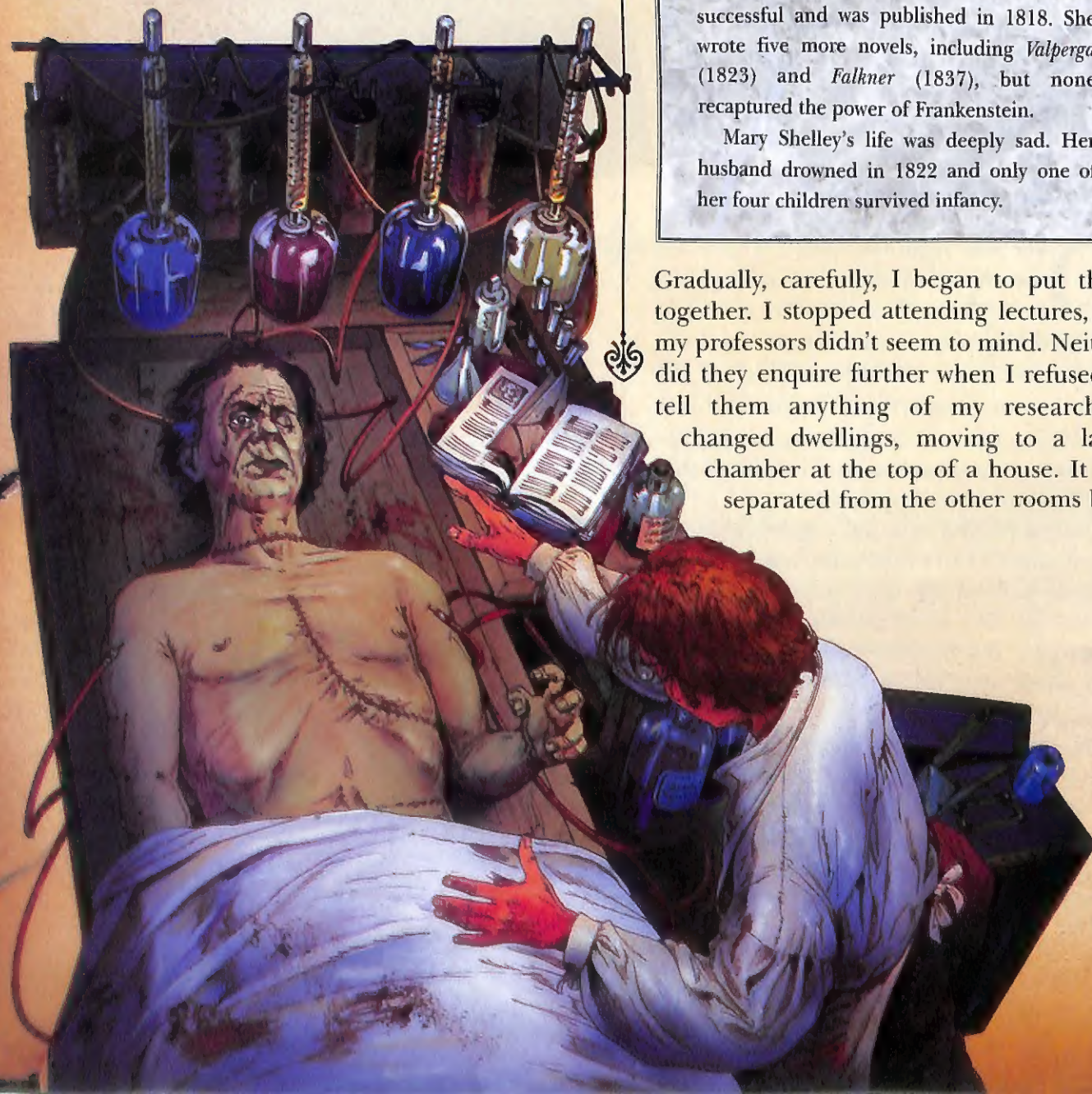
Underlined words are explained in WORD POWER.



One day, that dream came true. I alone had discovered the most astonishing of secrets, the secret of transforming death into life. I am afraid, Captain Walton, that this secret must stay with me while I live, and be buried with me when I die. For knowledge of it would lead you to misery and destruction. As it has me.

The discovery overwhelmed me for some time. I had still to prepare a container, a body, for my marvellous gift. I feared that I would be unable to build such a complex thing. Yet I dared not fail.

Returning to graveyards and slaughter houses, I collected my ghoulish raw materials – body parts of the dead.



THE FACTS

Mary Shelley (1797-1851) was the daughter of political philosopher William Godwin and early feminist Mary Wollstonecraft. In 1813, she met the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley and they married three years



later. The idea for the story of Frankenstein came when the Shelleys spent the summer at Lake Geneva with the poet Lord Byron. He suggested that they each write a ghost story. Mary

Shelley's was by far the most successful and was published in 1818. She wrote five more novels, including *Valperga* (1823) and *Falkner* (1837), but none recaptured the power of Frankenstein.

Mary Shelley's life was deeply sad. Her husband drowned in 1822 and only one of her four children survived infancy.

Gradually, carefully, I began to put them together. I stopped attending lectures, but my professors didn't seem to mind. Neither did they enquire further when I refused to tell them anything of my research. I changed dwellings, moving to a large chamber at the top of a house. It was separated from the other rooms by a

gallery and a long staircase. In this chamber I had my workshop, which would have disgusted any normal person.

It was a beautiful summer, but I only saw it from the smeared windows of my workshop. Although I missed Elizabeth and my family greatly, I never replied to their letters because I was so obsessed by my experiments.

Now my limbs tremble and my eyes swim at the memory. But at the time, nothing could take me away from my task. I worked all hours. The possibility of creating life from death drove me on through the toil. I grew dangerously thin and my face was a ghostly white mask from which my eyes stared out of sunken, hollow sockets. When occasional thoughts of Elizabeth and my family stopped me from working, I slept on a filthy mat on the floor.

Nearing the completion of my work, I fell into a fever, making sleep almost impossible. When awake, I became so nervous that I would jump out of my skin at the smallest unexpected sound. I shied away from any human contact and didn't see Henry for many months.

Driven like a demon through the autumn, I continued to work until one stormy night in November. After the claps of thunder and flashes of lightning had ceased, I stood back proudly. My work was finished. A living being was about to rise from where before there had been only death.

The night was pitch black. The only sound I could hear was the gentle churning of my tanks of chemicals. That, and the rain rattling against the filthy windows of my cursed apartment.

My creation was a giant figure of a man, fully eight feet tall, and designed to be a magnificent, handsome fellow. But when I looked at him properly for the first time, I saw something quite different. How can I describe my emotions at the catastrophe that lay before me. His limbs and head were in proportion, and I'd carefully selected his features to be beautiful. Beautiful? Great God!

His hair was shiny and black and his teeth pearly white, but these were the only good points. His yellow skin barely covered the muscles and blood vessels underneath. I looked aghast at his heavy brow and ghostly eye sockets, his shrivelled, unnatural complexion and his straight, black lips.

With my heart pounding, I watched in complete horror as one watery, pale eye opened and blinked. A breath rattled the creature's frame and a convulsion shook its arms and legs. It was stirring...

WORD POWER

floe – a sheet of floating ice

league – a unit of distance equal to about five kilometres

scarlet fever – a disease whose symptoms include a rash and a red tongue

avidly – keenly; enthusiastically

classics – literature of lasting importance, especially by ancient Greek and Roman writers

lure – an attraction or temptation

anatomy – the study of the human body's structure

mortuary – a building where dead bodies are stored before burial

aghast – overcome with horror

convulsion – a violent shake or jolt



MONSTERS OF THE DEEP

The sea covers over 70% of the Earth's surface, and the deep oceans are the last truly unexplored places on Earth. Perhaps it is not surprising then, that some people still believe that these watery depths are the hiding place of underwater monsters.

Hundreds of years ago, most people believed that the seas were home to terrifying monsters that could swallow a whole ship – let alone a sailor! Maps of old often have marked sightings of massive serpents and fish with fangs! Ancient cultures believed that the oceans were so powerful and mysterious that the only way to explain them was to create supernatural characters...



▲ **SWALLOWED WHOLE!**
Ancient cultures thought sea monsters could eat ships whole. This creature (above) is, luckily, just a fake.



▲ **GENTLE GIANT**
The evil-looking manta ray (above) was dubbed the 'Devil Fish' until divers found out it feeds on tiny sea life and is totally harmless to humans. Some divers say that, from below, the ray's mouth and gills look like a human face.



▲ **THE SEA MONK**
An artist's drawing of the legendary sea creature that could stir up storms.

WAVE WIZARD

The coastal people of Japan have suffered the death and destruction of tsunamis for centuries. The tsunami is a giant wave that starts in the middle of the ocean and picks up size and speed before crashing on to dry land.

The ancient Japanese blamed the terrifying monster waves on the appearance of a strange looking sea creature that they named the 'sea bonze' (sea monk). This creature was part man and part fish. As well as being a dab

hand at whipping up a storm, the sea bonze was blamed by sailors for capsizing boats. Each boat had a special sailor whose job it was to ward off the sea bonze by waving a stick covered with red streamers. The legend of the sea bonze may have come about because of the manta ray, a weird looking fish that has human features when you look at it from certain angles. The Scandinavians created the same legend. They also called theirs the sea monk.

KRAKEN CHAOS

From Norway came the story of the Kraken. Described as a giant squid or lobster, witnesses claimed the Kraken could be as long as 2km! In one story from the 1700s the Bishop of Midaros claimed to have mistaken a beached Kraken for a rock. The Bishop set up an altar on the Kraken's back, who was obliging enough to let him finish the service before sliding back into the sea.

Krakens were thought to lurk in waters where fish were plentiful. For this reason they were sometimes called 'the fisherman's friend'. But having a net full of fish was a mixed blessing because the fishermen believed that the fearsome Kraken could rise out of the water and swallow their ships whole!

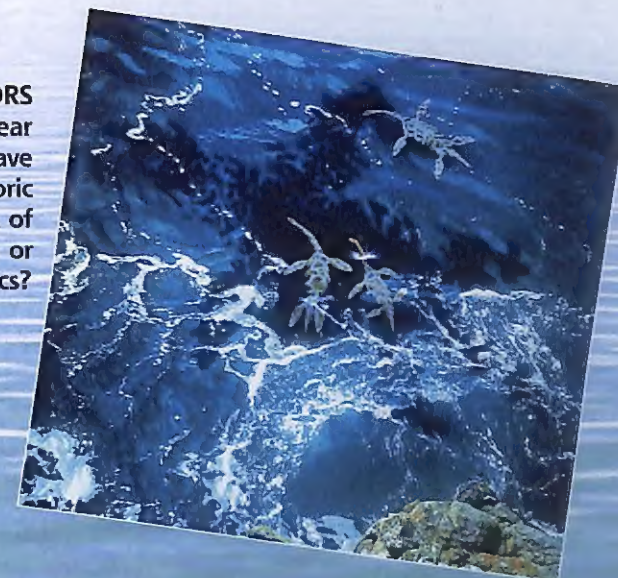
All too ridiculous to be true? Well bear in mind that a giant squid – measuring 20m from tentacle tip to tentacle tip – has been discovered. That's nearly as long as a tennis court! And this monster isn't even the biggest squid known to exist. The parts of tentacles, which have been found inside the bellies of sperm whales, suggest that there are some mega monsters around!



▲ **TENTACLE TWIST!**
A painting of a ship tangled in the tentacles of the giant Kraken.

▶ LOST SURVIVORS

Three plesiosaurs lurk near the ocean's edge – have they survived the prehistoric age, or are they the work of trick photography or computer graphics?



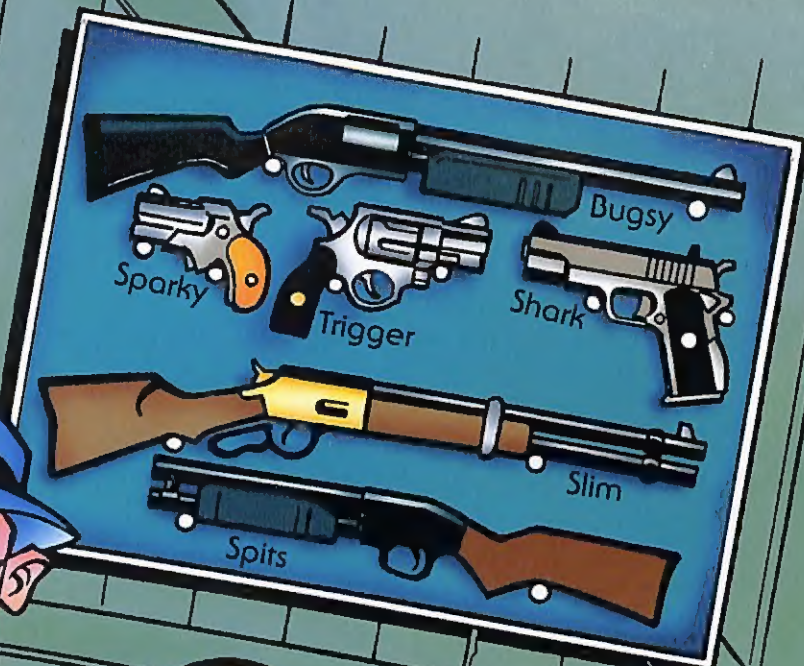
NESSIE AND FRIENDS

Not all monsters of the deep have been created out of ignorance of nature – or how can we explain the many sightings that continue even today? The Loch Ness Monster is probably the world's most famous unidentified underwater creature; but there are also reports of lake monsters in Canada, Sweden and Russia. Sightings of sea serpents have been reported from around the globe too. No matter how often scientists tell us otherwise, people seem determined to believe that strange underwater creatures – perhaps survivors of the prehistoric age – are still to be discovered.



▲ **MEGAMOUTH!**
Looks can be deceiving. This Australian whale shark is only interested in small creatures.

GORY GANGSTERS PUZZLES



SHOOT OUT

The gang members' names all have something in common. Whose gun should not be hung above?

BANK JOB!

The gang is planning to rob one of the biggest banks in the world. The vault is in the centre of a maze of corridors. To avoid setting off the alarm, the gangsters have to find their way in the pitch dark without bumping into anything. How will they get to the vault and out again without getting lost?

GRUESOME GROUP

What's wrong with this mob of gangsters? There's something odd about each one! Can you work it out!

CURRENCY CRISIS

The bank holds money from all over the world. The gang has made a list of the currencies they hope to steal. Check them off on the word grid to find which one is not in the bank.

NKINAZCEZLOTYOFQ
ETOSEPNFRIWZNDGU
YOHWMOPURTTLRUXE
BLMARAPNAAEQICPT
MAFKBEHRGMNLWSEZ
ARLAETIRPUDCBEKA
ZRHBYLAIIELNCURL
NIMYOIRYRDATAMOS
AAGARAUAKMKNROR
WLWONILGLGAILUNP
KOTXJAYRUUTRENMS
WMIELVTAEOPOVAIE
EAFMAAYILURFAIGT
NNBIRRRJCRUZEIROA
VILEKDEUTSCHMARK
ICHLILANGENIRIEL

BAHT	LEK	PUNT
BALBOA	LEMPIRA	QUETZAL
BIRR	LEVA	RAND
CRUZEIRO	LILANGENI	RIALOMANI
DIRHAM	LIRA	RIEL
ESCUDO	LIT	RIYAL
FORINT	MANAT	ROUBLE
FRANC	NAIRA	RULIYAA
GUILDER	NEW KWANZA	RUPEE
KINA	NGULTRUM	SOM
KRONE	OUGUIYA	TAKA
KROON	PESO	TOLAR
KYAT	POUND	WON
LEI	PSETA	YEN
	PULA	ZLOTY

FANTASTIC FACTS

The Gatti Gangsters of Milan had a reputation for disastrous bank robberies. Not having a car, they had to travel everywhere by bus, which didn't always help a quick getaway. Once they tried to rob a bank using a motor scooter as a getaway vehicle. They only got away with the equivalent of £9. Their pistols were too rusty to fire and the one bomb they had they were too scared to use!

STICK-UP!

The gang is packing up crates of contraband to smuggle out of the country. The last chest has not been labelled. Will it be A, B, C or D? See inside front cover for answers

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